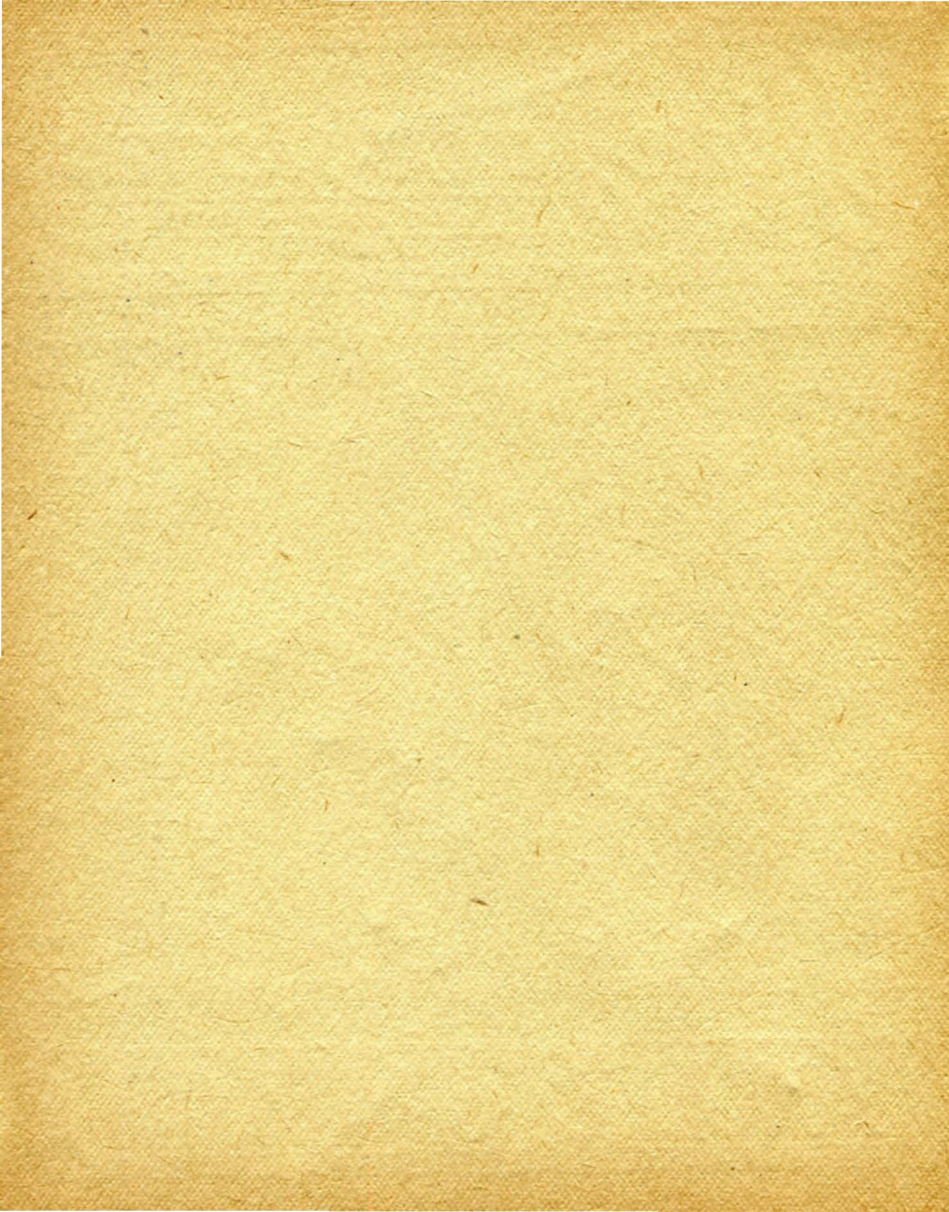


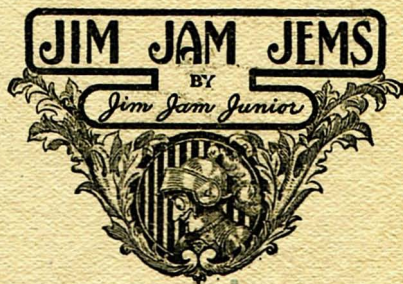
Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH





SAM H. CLARK, Editor and Publisher.
Bismarck, North Dakota


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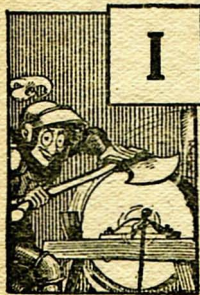
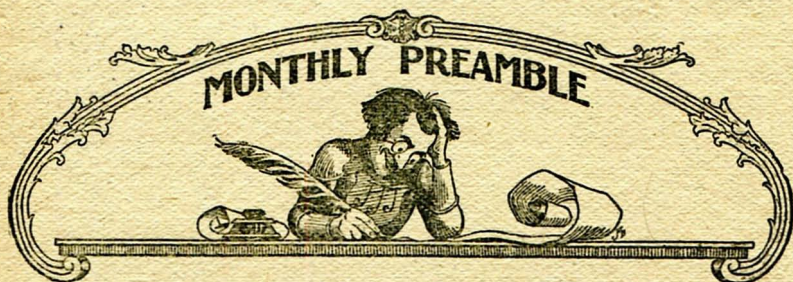


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IF WE had a million dollars carefully protected from the income tax through a corporation so expertly manipulated that it would show a deficit instead of a profit, we wouldn't have found it necessary to spend the damndest winter that anybody ever saw out here on the prairies of North Dakota, where just now we are called upon to turn loose a preamble for the April number under conditions and amid surround-

ings that are anything but inspiring. There's slush and snow and ice and sleet and muck and mud; the wind howls and so does everybody else; we've done nothing for months but shovel snow and coal in about equal amounts; we've had the flu and the grippe and the epidemic; we've worn a

red flannel bandage 'round our neck almost continually since Christmas and have used enough mustard on our chest to supply a ham sandwich factory for eternity; we've sucked a thermometer and hugged hot water bottles and absorbed aspirin and drenched our system with salts and wondered how long, oh Lord, can winter last. But the sun shines again, Pauline, and the sap has commenced to run; mother has the sulphur and molasses already mixed for the boys and the girls are thinking of rhubarb; we expect any day to hear a half-witted robin chirping on the back fence and then we'll take off our heavy underwear too early, and between sneezes and hot foot-baths we'll probably be able to get out enough copy for this April number. If we were President of the United States or Standard Oil, we would be down in Florida golfing, bathing or fishing, but we haven't swung a brassie for months, have eaten canned fish daily since the beginning of Lent and have taken a bath only occasionally. Our chief winter sport has consisted of playing bridge with our wife and some of the neighbors and their wives, and honestly, boys, if you've never had to do it, don't. We're in a rut—we're musty and mouldy and getting absent-minded. Only last night we were playing one of those "home" games of bridge with a neighbor-lady who had recently won the prize at her bridge club, and now we know how she did it. She reneged twice in one hand, trumped an ace and led the king of the same suit right back, scooped up the cards, announced that "we made four odds in hearts" when we only had three, and then shuffled the

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cards and dealt for the third consecutive time, while she discussed a neighbor's new spring hat, with the conclusion that "I believe that hat would just suit me, you know she looks much better in a large hat and I always look good in a small one." That's the kind of exercise we've had this winter, brother. The other evening we allowed ourself to be dragged out to a church supper in the basement of a local church; one of the ladies accidentally dropped a dish-pan and we leaned over to a very good deacon's wife and nonchalantly said "Let's dance this one." For the moment we forgot ourself and thought we were down at the McKenzie hotel at a dinner-dance and that the jazz orchestra had just started.

But, as we said before, spring is here! The sap has commenced to run. The Missouri river will soon break up a la Griffith's Way Down East and will go splashing along in its muddy glee, and the buds may bud and the bees maybe. So whatthehell do we care? We've made our income tax statement, borrowed enough money from the bank to pay the first quarter, and we're sitting pretty. Hope this finds you the same.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

Federal Reserve Banditry and Pawnbroking



WE ARE going to hand you two fact films anent Federal Reserve Banditry and Pawnbroking—one pulled off in Oregon and one pulled off in Alabama. We are then going to show you by facts and figures and details a record of super-Shylockery—practiced all over this U. S. A.—which would make old Shylock himself weep and moan o'er his soft-heartedness.

We say that the facts which we have spaded up anent this parasitical, blood-sucking Federal Reserve System of applied banditry are a disgrace to the nation upon which this damnable system preys. We say that it is a Jesse James-Pecksniff-Shylock composite which ought to be bombed off Uncle Sam's legislative map. Here are the facts:

The Brookings State Bank at Brookings, Oregon, refused to be sand-bagged into line by Federal Reserve thuggery in the twelfth Federal Reserve satrapy with headquarters at San Francisco. One of the chief specialties of this Federal Reserve octopus is to force every bank—whether a member of its Shylockery or not—to collect checks for nothing. There are just two ways to collect money on checks, one by presenting them at the counter of the bank on which they are drawn and getting the cash, and the other by sending them through the mail for remittance by draft drawn on some large city depository. The latter method obtains in over 99 per cent of the hundreds of millions of checks drawn. The bank upon which the check is drawn makes a small charge of one-tenth of one per cent to compensate for clerk hire, postage, stationery and the like. It is a perfectly legitimate charge in vogue and generally practiced for generations in banking circles. But the Federal Reserve octopus, with its customary greed, insists upon sandbagging this service for nothing. The Brookings State Bank of Brookings, Oregon, wouldn't wear the Federal Reserve yoke of bondage and made the customary collection charge of one tenth of one per cent for remitting check collections. It couldn't be bluffed, bulldozed, sandbagged nor coerced and the Federal Reserve System had a series of fits and fell into them thusly:

On October 8, 1920, it stationed an emissary from the Portland branch of its San Francisco Shylockery at Brookings, Oregon, for the sole purpose of collecting in cash over the counter all checks coming from all over the U. S. A.

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drawn on the Brookings State Bank—with the avowed object of whipping it into abject surrender. Nothing doing! Daily the Federal Reserve sub-bandit presented himself at the counter with his wad of checks and daily the Brookings State Bank smilingly handed over the cash! The Federal Reserve emissary—pursuant to orders—stuck at Brookings, Oregon, from October 8, 1920, until October 1, 1921, vainly endeavoring to wear down the Brookings State Bank. Positively nothing doing. The Federal Reserve octopus had struck at one bank where its slimy tentacle slipped.

Then this Federal Reserve sandbaggery resorted to the scheme of sending out what it called “notices of dishonor” against the Brookings State Bank whereupon the Brookings State Bank went into the United States Court and obtained from Judge Wolverton an injunction against such “dishonor notices!” Drawing cash over its counter for over a year couldn’t bluff the Brookings State Bank and the United States Court forbade its fictitious “dishonor notice” game! So the octopus tried another method—equally damphoolish but characteristic of its banditry methods.

There lies before us as we write a photographic copy of a “transit slip” made out by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco at its Los Angeles Branch on November 19, 1921. On this “transit slip” is listed a \$50 check drawn on the Brookings State Bank of Brookings, Oregon, and over against the item is marked “Bank Closed!” It is as foul a libel as even the Federal Reserve octopus ever spewed from its sac of venom! The Brookings State Bank was never

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"closed" for the fractional part of a second! In fact it was and is a damsite too "open" to suit Federal Reserve thug-gery!

Now look at the venom spat out by this Federal Reserve octopus at the Brookings State Bank because it wouldn't do its bidding. During the year it kept its emissary there it collected \$102,000 in checks. Counting his salary, expenses, expressage of currency and the like, it must have cost it at least \$4,000. It could have had precisely the same service for one tenth of one per cent or just \$102!

Then when that didn't work it sent out its fictitious "dishonor notices" and bumped into a United States Court injunction!

Then when that didn't work it sent out its lying "Bank Closed" notice on its "transit slip!" And it cowers behind the skirts of a girl clerk in trying to skulk out of this picture of malice. In the meantime the Brookings State Bank is holding the fort—unshackled by Federal Reserve oligarchy. There's one bank that has the "guts" and we're for it!

Now train your eyes on the Federal Reserve Super-Shylockery sucking blood at Atlanta, Georgia. In a small town in Alabama was struggling a small National Bank. Its capital was \$25,000 and its surplus was \$12,500. Its money had been commandeered by law to buy stock in the Federal Reserve Super-Shylockery at Atlanta, Georgia. Its reserve deposits had been commandeered by law—and without interest at that—to feed pap to the same parasite. It served the cotton industry—the breath of industrial life in its ter-

ritory. We forbear the mention of its name because identification might work it great harm. But we challenge the Comptroller of the Currency—from whose files these facts are taken—the Governor of the Atlanta Federal Reserve Bank, and Governor W. P. G. Harding of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington, to question them! We have spaded them up and they are of record and absolutely true and we vouch for them. Here they are:

This little National Bank in Alabama was in the grip of the Federal Reserve Octopus. It had to move the cotton crop in its territory. Farmers, planters, merchants—and in short all industry in its territory including its own salvation—depended on the moving and on the marketing of the cotton crop. It was “root hog or die” and this little bank rooted and was looted precisely in this wise: It had to borrow from the Federal Reserve super-Shylockery at Atlanta. It had no other house of refuge. It had to borrow something over \$100,000 from the Federal Reserve Bank at Atlanta and for the week’s period ending on July 31, 1920, it was charged and it paid as high as *thirty-one per cent per annum interest!* Two months later when its loan reached as high as \$115,000 it was charged and it paid as high as *eighty-seven and one-half per cent per annum interest* to this subter-human super-Shylock! For the two weeks ending on September 30, 1920, it was borrowing an average of \$115,211. Two weeks’ interest at six per cent would have been \$288 but the records show that this little bank paid the Federal Reserve Pawnbrokery at Atlanta for interest

on that amount for that time \$2,189—running all the way from six to *eighty-seven and one-half per cent per annum!* The actual average rate for this loan for that two weeks' period was almost exactly at the rate of *forty-five per cent per annum* or at the rate of \$51,844 per year for the use of \$115,211! We ask you and we ask these strutting and preening Federal Reserve oligarchical super-usurers whether this is "banking" or putrid pawnbroking. We ask you and we ask them whether their sign oughtn't to be the three-ball pawnbroking symbol o'er their portals.

And yet you read subsidized headlines sprawled athwart the columns of a lick-spittle press about "Agricultural Interests Fostered by Federal Reserve Banks" and "Farmers Aided by Federal Reserve Sytem" and messes of the like "bull" and "bunk" fed out by paid press agents and absorbed by a befooled people chained to such pawnbrokery! "Aided" by a sandbag! "Fostered" by pawnbroking thuggery! It's enough to make a "kike" pawnbroker sob and moan at his soft-heartedness. It's enough to make Olomon Solomon Levi pull down his three balls and wail in the Synagogue!

Later on, and for what reason we don't know nor care, a portion of the usurious loot was disgorged by the Atlanta pawnbrokery. That isn't what interests us. What interests us is the super-supernal and subter-brutal gall to first extort it! Many a thug when caught and cornered has disgorged loot—that's as old as thuggery. Jesse James' press agent could boast of as much. What we want to know are

two things: Why was it first extorted? And then why was a part of it disgorged?

At the very time—during these very two weeks ending September 30, 1920—when this little Alabama Bank right at the door of real production was being charged as high as *eighty-seven and one-half per cent per annum* for a paltry loan, Banks in New York were getting as high as \$100,000,000 handed out to them at from *five to seven per cent per annum*. And yet you read about the Federal Reserve System “equalizing interest rates”—God save the mark! It's enough to make Shylock and Pecksniff rend their ceremonies and jump from their tombs and have another try at extortion and at applied hypocrisy. A difference of *eighty per cent per annum* between New York City—where nothing but parasitism is grown—and Alabama—where real wealth of real cotton grows—is some difference isn't it? And the eighty per cent difference coddles parasitism and penalizes production.

Now having pigeon-holed in your brainery the Oregon banditry and the Alabama pawnbrokery perpetrated by these Federal Reserve parasites of pillage, take a bird's-eye view of the results of its Shylockery over the whole U. S. A. for the year 1921. We are going to show you each one of the twelve vampire blood-suckers fastened upon production and commerce and just the titanic percentage of life blood it has sucked down its greedy gullets. You won't find it elsewhere either and ere we finish we are going to tell you why you

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won't. Here are these regional pawnbrokers in the order of their three-ball pillagements for the year 1921:

Location	Paid in Capital	Net Earnings
Atlanta	\$ 4,189,500	131.18%
Chicago	14,307,000	101.31%
New York	27,114,000	96.23%
Minneapolis	3,569,000	88.21%
Richmond	5,428,500	80.94%
Kansas City	4,570,500	66.86%
San Francisco	7,374,500	66.72%
St. Louis	4,603,000	64.13%
Philadelphia	8,736,500	61.11%
Cleveland	11,134,000	56.44%
Boston	7,935,500	53.94%
Dallas	4,203,000	38.40%
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Total	Capital \$103,165,000	Average 79.56%

You would expect—from the facts set forth in the first part of this article—that the most conscienceless of these super-Shylock pawnbrokers, the one at Atlanta, would show the hugest pile of pillage and it does! On a paid-in capital of \$4,189,500 it vampired and blood-sucked out a net profit of \$5,496,000 or 131.18 per cent. What the other vampires blood-sucked out you can read from the above table. You know the net earnings made by banks where you live. You know that a net earning of 10 per cent is a large one. But

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here you have an average net earning for these twelve vampires of commerce and production of 79.56 per cent! We leave it to you—to the common sense of any intelligent person—if this enormous net earning percentage isn't outside the realm of banking and in the realm of unconscionable vampire pawnbrokery?

But that isn't the worst of it. Before making these net earnings this Federal Reserve System sandbagged out \$36,067,000 from an "expense account" or an average of \$3,005,583 expenses for each regional pawnbrokery! We leave it to you if such an "expense account" in a year of hard times and of enforced economies isn't enough to raise the temperature of an Egyptian mummy? It covers salaries, pay rolls and expenses which are beyond reason.

We here give you a table showing the piled-up pillage of these super-Shylockeries.

Location	Paid in Capital	Surplus Percentage
New York	\$27,114,000	222 %
Atlanta	4,189,500	217.6%
Kansas City	4,570,500	211 %
Minneapolis	3,569,000	209.2%
Boston	7,935,500	207.8%
San Francisco	7,374,500	206.2%
Philadelphia	8,736,500	205.4%
St. Louis	4,603,000	204 %
Cleveland	11,134,000	203.2%
Richmond	5,428,500	203.2%

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Chicago	14,307,000	202.8%
Dallas	4,203,000	176 %
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Total	\$103,165,000	Average 209 %

Upon this capital, in a few brief years these super-vampires—after paying enormous expense accounts, petty six per cent dividends and what they call a franchise tax—have piled up accumulated pillage of \$215,523,000! It absolutely out-Shylocks any Shylockery, any financial blood-suckery or any pawnbrokery in human history.

Incidentally these mazuma monarchs have \$42,331,240 invested in the palatial emporiums where they ply their traffic and gild their pills of pillage.

Why don't you find these facts elsewhere? Brethren, here is where we tell you. Couldn't other editors spade them up? Sure they could. But in plain Americanese they haven't the "guts." These Federal Reserve money despots have the press of this land "buffaloed." Through their credit channels these Federal Reserve satraps have a strangle hold on the banks and on the advertisers of this U. S. A. and the banks and the advertisers have a strangle hold on the press and there you are. But none of these tentacles, thank God, can wind around our pen and that's why you have to go to JIM JAM JEMS to get these naked truths—which every newspaper and every magazine in this U. S. A. ought to blazon forth but dare not.

What are our objections to this Federal Reserve oligarchy and despotism? We aren't at all averse to telling you and here they are:

These strutting kings of finance—wielding more power than any sceptered monarch ever swayed—haven't one copper cent of their own money invested in this nationalized pawnbrokery. It's a case of "heads I win, tails you lose" with these birds.

Without one plugged nickel of their own at risk they draw fabulous salaries, exploit exorbitantly titanic expense accounts, pile up leviathan surpluses and super-surpluses, exact the most extortionate interest charges as per the Alabama Shylockery, and hold in their paws of pillage the destinies of real production and of commerce and of banking in this land. Their salaries, their "expense accounts," their palatial quarters, their Shylockeries and their strangle hold on the entire industries of this U. S. A. can't be chlorinated nor deodorized.

Without the production of one dollar, without the injection of one new penny of capital this Federal Reserve System has simply grabbed the money of the people, woven chains with it and shackled them for its own aggrandizement.

It produces nothing but titanic expenses, milks industry and production, penalizes agriculture, exalts parasitism, practices shameful Shylockery and furnishes berths of ease for a battalion of overpaid bureaucrats—every one of them lolling at your expense!

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It has the bankers—who had the nerve to put up their own money for capital which these super-Shylocks never did —“buffaloed;” it has the manufacturers and merchants silenced and cowed by the overlordism it practices upon them; it has the press muzzled by the enormous advertising patronage it really controls; it has the absolute control of the credit valves in this land which it opens or closes at will or whim and it has the public befooled by a corps of press agents, speech makers and propagandists in its service—but it can’t clamp any Maxim silencer on JIM JAM JEMS’ Volley of Truth! What it needs is the axe laid at its parasitical roots! If you see it in JIM JAM JEMS it’s so.



"FARMING SOLDIERS"



WE are going to project a short-armed jab at the infamous "farming out" of your disabled soldiers. Canada, your poor neighbor, gave her returned soldiers four million acres of land. This land has handed over thousands of its returned disabled soldiers to the pillage of State Institutions for shameless profiteering. Canada gives them real farms but this land "farms 'em out!"

There was an American "Lost Battalion" in the Argonne. There are scores of American "Lost Battalions" in the U. S. A. being bombed today—not by Hunocracy's weapons—by Insane Asylum profiteerdom. Here's the scenario!

As they marched away bands blared, flags waved and orators blew chunks out of the air with polysyllabic bombs tell-

ing how a grateful nation would bind up the wounds of the disabled. Bronze tablets might waste away but in American Memory and in American Gratitude their valor would be indelibly graven!

They crossed water's waste and entered the Inferno of the Ages. Scores of thousands laid their lives on the bloodiest altars ever piled high 'neath Jehovah's firmament. Legs were lost, arms were lost, eyes were forever curtained, lungs were shredded by viper fumes—and worst of all *minds were lost*. Horrors unseated from many minds God's great gift of sanity!

At the Argonne, at Chateau Thierry, at St. Mihiel and at many other sectors of this Inferno holocaust brilliant minds were snuffed out. Memory—just one maze of bloody horrors—lasted, but the thread of sanity out of the labyrinth had been severed. These were America's real Lost Battalions doomed to grope in the darkness of dethroned minds—the most awful fate of the war-riven. Loss of limbs may be endured, obstacles of sightlessness may be overcome but when sanity's spark is quenched it is the supreme calamity. Better maiming, better death, than the loss of that God-given spark of mind which raises man close to the Giver!

For such stricken and for such bereft the kindest care, the tenderest touch and the most humane treatment should be given. Super-sensitiveness, actuated and sharpened by memory's horrors, is their portion. Promises—fed to them ere disaster—they have forgotten but they grope in a world

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of horrors sensitive almost beyond the power of sanity to conceive.

Thousands of these numbers of Lost Battalions—made mental derelicts by horrors which o'ercame their mental powers—are being “farmed out” to State Insane Asylums. They are being shamelessly profiteered upon and exploited by Shylock state officialdom. The very thing that shouldn't be done, that oughtn't to be done, that makes America's sense of justice shudder and revolt is being done! They are being “farmed out” in Bedlamite lodging houses all over this land. This tragedy of “Benefits Forgot” mists o'er the eyes of every justice-lover in this land and against it we protest.

We have mentioned instances of this cold blooded profiteering at Lakeland, Kentucky, and at Steilacoom and Sedro-Woolley—the twin hell pits for the insane in the State of Washington. None can tell which states in the U. S. A. are the worst in this orgy of profiteering upon those mentally maimed wards of this land. But we have succeeded in obtaining the actual figures from Ohio—doubtless typical of this shameless method. Here they are. Uncle Sam allows \$547.50 per man per year for the care of his mentally maimed.

Name of Institution	Cost per man	Profit per man
Athens State Hospital	\$227.86	\$276.66
Cleveland State Hospital	238.24	309.26
Dayton State Hospital	309.54	237.96
Lima State Hospital	310.75	236.75
Massilon State Hospital	243.20	304.30

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Toledo State Hospital	286.86	260.64
Ohio Hospital for Epileptics	332.69	214.81
Feeble-Minded Institution	226.57	320.93
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Average	\$271.96	\$270.19

From this table you can see that the State of Ohio comes within just \$1.77 of one hundred per cent profit on every member of the Lost Battalion lodged in its Bedlamite lodgings.

Do you think that \$271.96 per annum is an adequate sum for the care and maintenance and the skilled medical attention to which every one of those reason-bereft men is entitled? We leave it to you if the golden promises made these men on their departure for the fields of glory aren't being paid in a currency depreciated almost to the vanishing point.

We don't charge that the State of Ohio is any worse than her sister States in this looting of the mentally maimed. But we do charge that the whole damnable system of "farming out" Uncle Sam's sacred charges is wrong from taps to reveille. We do charge that these figures speak for themselves and that they tell you—from their pitiful amounts and from their huge profits—stories of poor subsistence and neglect which bring the blush of shame to every real patriotic American.

How many of these mentally maimed could be restored to mental health under proper care and the kindest treatment

and the most skilled medical attention you don't know and we don't know. But you know and we know that under this damnable system of profiteering—where each institutional head strives to outdo his brother in parsimony—these “sweet bells jangling out of tune” will never again ring in harmony.

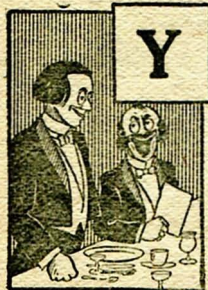
You know and we know that these Lost Battalions groping in mental darkness in these Bedlamite lodgings—“farmed out” like township paupers—will never emerge into sanity's sunlight under such conditions!

You know and we know that these various profiteering Bedlamites instead of competing as to the number of cures they can make are really competing in the race of profiteering.

Are these thousands and thousands of members of America's Lost Battalions going to be tenderly led into reason's kindly light or are they all going down into the darksome depths of irreclaimable Bedlam? Are this land's most sacred wards to be treated like dumb driven cattle—slaughtered in the cheapest market? Or are America's promises to her heroes, every one of them, like her monetary promises, to know that “its Redeemer liveth?” That's the question!



THE TAYLOR MURDER



YOU CAN file the identity of the murderer of William Desmond Taylor—the Movie Lothario of Hollywood—along with the basic seven wonders of the world. Or you can file it alongside the identity of the murderer of Joseph T. Elwell—the Auction Bridge Lothario of New York. And then you can meditate on that moss-covered piece of “bunk” that “murder will out!”

Immediately after Taylor was found dead on the floor of his living room in his Hollywood love-cote our representative was on the ground. And with the

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exception of a brief trip to Saltillo, Mexico, on the lost trail of Sands, Taylor's valet, to this writing he has remained there.

We are going to hand you some facts anent this Taylor murder from an angle carefully screened from you by newspaperdom—the movie angle. The grip of the advertiser closed down on the throat of newspaperdom and throttled some hectic events that we are going to coyly mention. You must first envisage Hollywood, a segment of Los Angeles, as it really is, the core and center and solar plexus of Moviedom. Moviedom masters Los Angeles and Hollywood. Moviedom masks the exposure of its revels, of its orgies and of its moral putridities. Moviedom and its hireling minions would keep the cover on the stink-pot of drink, dope and lasciviousness that has been befouling Hollywood and Los Angeles beneath their crop of sunshine and hypocritical lacquery and clacquery! Moviedom staged the investigation of this killing. It rode roughshod over the legal authorities when it tired of wheedling, of threatening or of cajoling. It flourished its millions and used its leverage of its 50,000 votes in this movie satrapy. Now you've got the atmosphere, look at the facts.

On the morning of February second last Henry Peavey, dusky degenerate, house servant of Taylor, arrived at Taylor's lovecote-and-dovecote and found his master dead upon the livingroom floor. Peavey is a shrewd, calculating and ultra-wise chunk of chocolate-hued humanity. And of course

he immediately notifies the police doesn't he? Yes, he does not!

Peavey knows his Hollywood and its real masters and his real masters—too darned well to notify the police. He notified the real authorities—Moviedom. At once he telephoned Charlie Eyton, superintendent of the Lasky studio at Hollywood. Eyton rushed to the scene and along with him surged some dozen others of the film world. And while Taylor's dead body lay there upon the floor movie magnatocracy overran the house and its belongings. Then having carefully smudged over all possible finger prints of the murderer and messed over and mussed over the whole setting of the tragedy it is casually thought that perhaps it would be well to notify the police.

A pair of flat feet saunter into the premises. Do they clear out the crowd of movie snoopers? They do not. Do they make any attempt to preserve intact the position of the furniture and to protect and preserve any possible physical clue? They do not. They salaam before the majestic importance of Moviedom then fairly thronging the scene. They take for gospel the movie ukase that Taylor "died a natural death." Finally into their cranial vacuums filters the thought that perhaps the coroner should be casually notified. Majestic Moviedom obligingly assents and coroner's deputies stroll into the picture. They take a look at the corpse, wisely declare themselves to be in the presence of "death due to natural causes" and leisurely prepare to remove the

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body. When lifting it up there is bared to view a bullet hole in Taylor's back near the armpit and it is then—so say the authorities—first found that Taylor was shot through the heart!

Two hours after Peavey's first "discovery" of the body, two hours after the disarrangement of the entire scene of the murder, two hours after the obliteration of all possible physical clues including finger prints it is first "discovered" that murder has been committed! We are entitled to guess and you are entitled to guess how long before Peavey "discovered" the murder ere he megaphoned for Moviedom. When you are hunting for a redhanded murder or murderess two hours immediately after discovery is an eternity of time! When you are endeavoring to reconstruct the precise scene of a crime and to visualize the surroundings precisely as they were when the crime was committed the disarrangement of furniture and the smudging over of finger prints hopelessly messes the entire scenario!

Peavey didn't notify the legal authorities but he did notify Moviedom and thereby a good running start—with real clues destroyed—was handed the criminal. With this handicap strapped on her back by Moviedom, Justice has been outdistanced.

Then—still dominated by Moviedom—Chief of Police Everington surged into the scene with Captain of Detectives David Adams and a squad of "dicks" as a movie mob. The chocolate-hued Peavey talked to his heart's content with

deviations in his narrative every time he exuded it. These very slight facts are gleaned by the fog-headed "dicks:" that on the evening before the murder Taylor received a visit from Mabel Normand—but one of many—accompanied by her chauffeur William Davis; that she and Taylor held a hectic confab; that they strolled down from the house—volubly conferring—and stood near the waiting automobile by the curb; and Taylor vainly implored Mabel Normand to remain for dinner and that during the confab the door of Taylor's house remained open; that after the girl drove away Taylor walked back into the house and closed the door and that shortly after Peavey took his departure and did not return until the next morning when he "discovered" the murder and megaphoned Moviedom. Just one more fact obtrudes itself in this wise. Mrs. Douglas MacLean and her actor spouse dwell next door to the Taylor dovecote. She and her maid state that shortly after eight in the evening they heard a shot and dimly saw a man in a cap and muffler leaving the rear of Taylor's house disappear in the gloom. But—with Moviedom's accustomed reticence—they gave no alarm. Howard Fellows, Taylor's chauffeur, states that at about that time he had come to the Taylor house, found it locked, assumed that Taylor was "busy"—as he frequently was with interesting femininity in the evening—and departed. If Howard Fellows was the man Mrs. MacLean dimly saw the only slight clue to the murderer fades away in the movie mist.

Then for weeks the police on one hand and the sheriff on the other grapple with the case, chase messes of clueless "clues" and bungle it—if it could be more bungled. Their co-operation was enhanced by the fact that big Bill Traeger, Sheriff, and Police Chief Everington are about as compatible as the devil and holy water!

Now watch feminine movie stars scintillate in this reel. Despite Mabel Normand's account of the simple relations of purely "Platonic affection" between her and the murdered man it developes that among these glistening white "Platonic bonds" are a series of letters—which Mabel's fair hands itch to again enfold. Nothing in them you understand—positively nothing—that the whole world mightn't read but still the film star is frantically and hectically sleuthing for them. Those letters—those harmless Platonic missives redolent of sublimated friendship—were in Taylor's possession a few days before he was shot. Mabel saw them in a drawer in his dining room. Then they disappeared. After five days the public administrator finds that perfumed packet of "pure Platonism" right where he had formerly searched for them in vain. Moviedom, first to reach the scene of the murder pursuant to Peavey's telephonic megaphone, indignantly denies that it first filched and then "planted" them. The language in these letters penned to that "wonderful man" wouldn't do to print in this semi-religious magazine—but there's nothing in them "the whole world mightn't see" you understand.

Other "Platonic missives" appear addressed to Hollywood's "wonderful man," the "Platonic" movie Lothario. Mary Miles Minter's fair hand has traced one saying to the film director "I love you, love you, love you"—a three-ply oblation on the Taylor "Platonic" altar. They were penned in a childish cipher code—a mere disguise of mushery.

Neva Gerber, scintillating in the movie firmament, also twitters that Taylor was a "wonderful man," that she was once engaged to marry him and that the engagement was ruptured. This accounts, she explains, for many recent checks for large amounts which Taylor is found to have paid her. "He was so interested in my career" chitters Neva.

Claire Windsor spends much time hectically imploring that her name be kept out of the Taylor "Platonic" cast. She was "just a friend of Mr. Taylor's—that's all!"

It got mighty rough going in Hollywood, mates, it certainly did! Peavey, the saddle-tinted house servant, keeps "spilling the beans." He relates how he and Fellows, the chauffeur, and Sands, the erstwhile Taylor valet, used to proceed to Taylor's nest of "pure Platonism" and gamble on whether the hairpins shed thereabouts would be blonde or brunette. Initialed handkerchiefs, "filmy" bits of lace—never designed for use on Taylor's proboscis—floated into the scene. A pink silk nightie—never cut for Taylor's manly form—rosily tinctures the reel. And Moviedom moans that it's time to call a halt before more of its feminine stars deliquesce into febrile "nervous prostration" and other like

neurotic maladies! And thereupon District Attorney Thomas Lee Woolwine of Los Angeles grabs the director's megaphone of justice.

Woolwine began by apologetically announcing that it really isn't the business of the district attorney to spade up evidence. He sobbingly announces that it's really the work of the police who ought to hand him the name and address of the murderer—or murderess—and just leave him to touch off the legal fireworks. Also he bemoans his personal abandonment of the prosecution of Madalynne Obenchain, charged with killing J. Belton Kennedy, but he feels that somehow this Taylor murder isn't being handled right and in effect he feels that his herculean mentality should take charge!

The plain fact is that Woolwine was practically drafted by Moviedom into this Taylor murder scenario. Under the guidance—or what Moviedom deemed the misguidance—of Chief of Police Everington, of Sheriff Traeger and of Captain of Detectives Adams, too many spotlights were turning on the nice quiet family lives and domestic felicities and "Platonic" affections of Hollywood Moviedom! Moviedom—with its 50,000 votes and its huge financial bulk—made no mistake when it "cast" Woolwine into the Taylor murder "set." With all the chivalry and tenderness of his Tennessee nature Woolwine handles feminine film stars with the softest of padded silk gloves! Deferentially and tenderly he questioned the "Platonic" devotees of the "wonderful man," Mabel Normand, Mary Miles Minter, Neva Gerber, Claire Windsor

and the like. Some of them were questioned at his office and others in the boudoirs of the questionees—nothing harsh about Woolwine's fact-ferreting.

Peavey, strutting about in his golf suit and his green tie, is no ordinary colored servitor. He hasn't been detained as a necessary witness. None of Moviedom's minions have. He comes and goes at will "just a child" says Woolwine. Yet this "child" has a police record for degeneracy and was arrested only a few nights before the murder of his master for a disgusting performance in one of the Los Angeles parks. We don't believe that Peavey has told, or ever will tell—all that he knows of the tragedy.

George Arto, a reliable mechanic, swears that he passed the Taylor love-and-dovecote on the afternoon preceding the murder while Mabel Normand was inside and that he saw Peavey and Davis, Mabel Normand's chauffeur, in earnest conversation with a third man at the curb near Mabel Normand's waiting automobile. Peavey and Davis vigorously deny this and Arto as strenuously affirms it. This clue is lost in the mazes of Moviedom.

Sympathetically and tenderly Woolwine has questioned movie magnatocracy such as Marshal Neilan and Mack Sennett. Chivalrously and deferentially he has ventured a tete-a-tete with Mary Miles Minter and other feminine scintillators. He politely ventured to inquire why Julia Crawford Ivors, a scenario writer with a grown son, went into hysterical seclusion after Taylor's murder.

Mabel Normand's ganglia of "Platonic" nerves had an

awful wallop, such a wallop that she threw a succession of fits and fell into 'em and required the attendance of physicians and nurses to minister to her case of shell-shock! Moaning and weeping for Taylor—just a friend you understand—threw this film star clear out of her orbit! Such are the tender bonds of bi-sexual friendship in Moviedom.

Here comes Sands—Edward F. Sands—Strathmore—Snyder—formerly Taylor's valet. We'd say he's "shifting Sands" for he's "shifted" out of the "set." Sands has been deaf to a nation-wide megaphone. Two months before the murder he robbed Taylor and disappeared and has never reappeared. Every hop-head in the country who wanted a free ride to Los Angeles came through with a mysterious talk to fog-headed police officials. But up to this writing Sands is still "shifting." There isn't a scintilla of actual evidence to warrant the sapheaded assumption that he was implicated in the murder, but doubtless he could tell a lot anent Taylor and his past life—out of which officialdom might construct a brand new murder theory.

In Los Angeles you can pin this murder on anyone of forty different persons as far as theories go—but there isn't a single, tangible, real clue. Any real clue there was disappeared when Moviedom overran the Taylor bungalow—and "bungle low" is right too—the morning after the murder. There wasn't a clue, nor a hint, nor a finger print preserved except the bullet that was in the murdered man's heart and the gang didn't know it was there!

You can pay your money and take your choice of theories

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

as varied as the wildest scenarios ever screened by Moviedom. You can believe that the motive of this murder harks back to the time when William Desmond Taylor was William Deane Tanner in Manhattan's canyons. You can believe that Sands, his valet, is really Dennis Gage Deane Tanner, Taylor's missing brother, and that brother murdered brother over money quarrels. You can believe that an outraged husband or a disappointed feminine "Platonist" forever stilled Taylor's heart beats. You can believe that a dope peddler, bootlegger or plain yeggman pumped that bullet into Taylor. "Who struck Billy Patterson?" "How old is Ann?" "Who murdered Elwell?"—are all simple kindergarten studies compared with who murdered Taylor, "the wonderful man," the Lothario of Moviedom!

But of one thing you may be certain. The investigation of this crime has lifted the lid from messes of the most unsavory movie "stewdios" ever brewed. Moviedom's anticries have made of Los Angeles and Hollywood purlieus of iniquities beside of which Sodom and Gomorrah were but Christian Endeavor Conventions. It is a place where murders may be committed with neatness, despatch and safety; where orgies of Moviedom are hypocritically glossed over; where politics dominates police efficiency; where "Platonic affections" are the order of the day—and of the night too; where the millions of the Box Office Barons and the votes of some 50,000 of Moviedom minions tell ambitious officialdom just where and when to "get off"; where the throat of the press is throttled by the ruthless hand of dictatorial advertising.

Through all these means—as familiar to movie magnatocracy as “faked sets” are on the screen—a thick coat of whitewash has been feverishly bedaubed over Lucullan orgies and debaucheries.

Whitewash? It ought to be quicklime! And the “quicker” the better!



POISON WELLS



POISONING wells was the specialty of Benedict Arnold after he had betrayed his country to Great Britain. Poisoning the wells of historical truth, from which American school children drink, is still the specialty of pro-British propagandists.

In the Revolutionary War Great Britain paid Indians for Americans' scalps. British propagandism now seeks to poison the brains 'neath Americans' scalps.

Hireling Hessians were George the Third's special aids and hireling peon pens are now the special aids of George the Fifth.

In our issue of September, 1921, under the title of "Counterfeiting History" and in our issue of December, 1921, under the title of "Mental Poison" our regular readers will re-

call that we handed out a pair of wallops on the conspiracy to Ananiasize American History. We printed quotations galore from some Britishized American histories showing the pro-British historical poison fed to your children in your schools. We showed you that "Short American History by Grades" and "American History for Grammar Grades" written by Everett Barnes and published by D. C. Heath & Company were black with propaganda.

We showed you that "A History of the United States for Schools" by A. C. McLaughlin and C. H. Van Tyne and the "School History of the United States, revised 1920" by Albert Bushnell Hart were putrid with clever pro-British historical poison.

To this list we are going to add "Our United States" by William B. Guitteau published by Silver, Burdett & Co., and Prof. C. H. Ward on Burke's "Speech on Conciliation with America." Guitteau is a suggestive name. One of that name assassinated President Garfield and another of that name would assassinate true Americanism! We are going to quote from the poison of these pens. We are going to show you the real origin and fount of the whole conspiracy. Then we are going to lace on our gloves with a chloroform sponge in each mitt and put to sleep the whole poisonous gang.

Here are some of the drops of poisonous historical venom just as they are injected into the minds of your children. From McLaughlin and Van Tyne's poison bottle we hand you these further drops.

"As a Tory wrote, in Washington's camp the soldier had

thirteen kings and no bread and it seemed better to serve one kind and have plenty of bread"—page 178.

"It is hard for us to realize how ignorant and superstitious were most of the early colonies of America"—page 238.

"On the 4th of July, 1801, voters of a town in Connecticut drank to the toast: 'Thomas Jefferson, may he receive from his fellow citizens the reward of his merit—a halter'"—page 249.

"We can afford to laugh now at our forefathers"—page 262.

There is a half page of a British cartoon caricaturing your country as a rattlesnake! There is another half page of cartoon buffoonery ridiculing Lincoln as being ridden on a rail! Do you want the receptive eyes and minds of your children to picture your land as a venomous rattlesnake? Do you want your children to get their first idea of Abraham Lincoln as a buffoon being ridden on a rail? Do you build school houses, buy histories and pay teachers to poison your children's minds with such drops of Britishized venom? America a rattlesnake! Lincoln a rail-ridden buffoon! Good, isn't it? Prof. Ward says "The governmental oppression that caused the Revolution was made in Germany"—page 8. That's as clever a drop of poison as was ever distilled in a pro-British historical laboratory. It is designed to make your children believe that when their forefathers struck off British shackles they weren't really British shackles—because George the Third was born in Germany. Germany has aplenty crimes of its own—God knows—without having British misdeeds foisted on it!

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

We could fill this issue with quotations from fawning peon pens adulating Great Britain, belittling the U. S. A. and its historical characters and contained in your school histories. They are all alike and all drop by drop they converge into a huge poison spring from which your children are made to drink—in your schools!

We want to show you the real sources of this whole poison mess and we are going to draw it from the venom sacs of the original poisoners. Take a look at them. We are now quoting from a draft of Cecil Rhodes' Will directing the formation of an organization with the following objects: "The extension of British rule throughout the world * * * and the *ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire.*"

We are now quoting from Andrew Carnegie who endowed a College Professors' Pension Fund and made this prophecy: "I say that as sure as the sun in Heaven once shone upon Britons and Americans united so surely is it one morning going to rise, shine upon and greet again the re-United States, the British-American Union."

We are now quoting from George H. Putnam, as fawning an Anglophile as breathes America's air, from a speech he made in London in July, 1918. "Text books are now being prepared (in the United States) which will present a juster account of the events of 1775-1783, 1812-1815 and 1861-1865." Such text books were prepared and we have quoted from 'em!

The London "Times" in its "American Issue" of July 4th, 1919, said: "New books should be added, particularly in the

primary schools. Histories and text books should be revised, the end in view being that the public (in the United States) *may subconsciously absorb the fundamentals of a complete mutual understanding.*" Such text books were prepared and your children are being poisoned by them.

Owen Wister, who guides as poisonous a British propaganda pen as ever wrote said: "*A movement to correct the school books of the United States has been started. It will go on.*" He's mistaken. It won't "go on." Americans are not going to have their histories falsified—not on your life they're not.

Now observe the devilish cleverness of this British propaganda. When did they begin distilling this poisonous history? Not until America embarked in the World War! Not until, under the Britishized Wilsonized maladministration of this land, it was made a crime in the U. S. A. to tell historical truths! Everyone of these empoisoned Britishized American histories from which we have quoted—in our September, 1921, article, in our December, 1921, article and in this article—was not published until after America had entered the war! In other words British propagandists—after getting some five billion dollars of your money and not until they got it—made it a crime in the U. S. A. during the war to tell the truths of American history. Then were born all these poison histories poisoning the wells of childhood instruction in your schools.

Clever? We say it was as clever a scheme as was ever hatched in human brain cells. Get your money, legally seal

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your lips, and then punch Ananiasized history into your children!

Why, were the role reversed and Americans annexed billions of British money, then locked British lips and then Ananiasized British history and had it taught to British children you'd see John Bull squat on his hams and bellow till he pierced Heaven's dome! You know it.

But Americans took it like a lamb, and, historically speaking, laid down inside the lion until JIM JAM JEMS rang the alarm clock. And we have been heard, too.

One American State, Iowa, has issued an emetic against this Britishized poison of American history. The Iowa General Assembly passed a law in effect directing its Superintendent of Public Instruction, P. E. McClenahan, to have prepared and distributed an "outline of a course of study in American history." That has been done, honestly, fairly and truthfully done by a committee of educators headed by Professor Louis B. Schmidt of Ames, Iowa. It lies beside us as we write and it's a model of historical truth and fact—not a mess of Britishized or any other propaganda!

The American emblem is an eagle—not a blind bat. America is awake now on this subject and we gamble that from now on this Benedict Arnoldizing of the wells of American history isn't going to work!

"SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH AMERICA" AGAIN



OR THE second time we grab by the throat and throw on the screen of fact the damnable monster of South American White Slavery. It is as vile a traffic as infests this earth with its headquarters in New York and its hindquarters spreading all over South America. We first volleyed into this basket of serpentine lurers in August, 1917, and tore 'em to tatters.

Here's another volley with which we pulpify the whole serpentine mess throwing its slimy coils about innocent girlhood. Among its would-be victims was Miss Ruth Baughman, a North Dakota girl—who had the grit and the good luck to free herself from these preening panders.

Miss Baughman was a North Dakota College graduate, had taught school, had wearied of its drudgery and sought fame and fortune in the footlight's glare in the Manhattanese Broadway canyon. But both evaded her. The crossroads at Manhattan is all a clutter with her like—beauty and talent aquiver for the God of Opportunity.

Came White Slavery wearing Opportunity's mask. Thus was set the trap for Ruth Baughman as it has been set and sprung in hundreds of like cases.

The purse attenuates, wintry blasts bore through thin clothing, hunger tortures and doubts of shelter loom.

At the psychological moment, which these panders instinctively know, sails into the offing the lure of Southern Seas, the sunshine trail to fame and fortune, a life of artistic triumph in a kindly clime with adoration ever present. Such was the lure which the representative of Robert Brough of Cristobal, Panama, dangled before the tired eyes of Ruth Baughman. There would be a first class passage to and from the tropics, three months' certain employment at \$100 per month and possibilities—infinite possibilities you understand—of an artistic triumph which would be but the vestibule to fame and fortune. The Lobby Cafe at Cristobal where Miss Baughman was to furnish entertainment was pictured as a high class resort for millionaires anxious to worship at the shrine of American beauty and talent—with the God of love and marriage ever enshrined in this rainbow picture of opportunity.

Also there was a "chaperone," full of admiration for Miss Baughman's beauty and talent, who would accompany the troupe and shield the girls from any improprieties. Into this lureful picture she painted details of an easeful life of artistic triumphs with but a few hours daily—from 7:30 P. M. to 1:30 A. M.—of gilded pleasure and artistic adoration in the chaste and beautiful Lobby Cafe at Cristobal! Was it any wonder that Miss Baughman "fell" for this blissful picture of rainbow-hued opportunity. Vainly had she chased this coy god and now he fairly battered at her lodging's poor door. She signed the "contract," mainly notable for what it didn't express, and with six other equally deluded girls set sail for triumphs "Somewhere in South America"—that mythical land of languorous ease and "manana" promise.

They landed at Panama, the vaunted vestibule to their hearts' desire. There there are two cities, one Colon where North America rules and the other Cristobal where South America rules. Just a street divides them, just a word separates them, but in fact betwixt lies a fathomless gulf.

The "Lobby Cafe" reminded Miss Baughman of the rainbow verbal paintery of it—because it was so different. It was redolent of dissipation, booze and darksome deeds. Her promised "apartment" was a sordid hutch hole. Her protective "chaperone" became a boisterous harridan screaming orders and directions with a verbal Niagara of torrential abuse. The mask was off the virago's visage.

She was expected to dress herself in a costume which proclaimed courtesanship in its every scant fold. She was ex-

pected to sing and dance for—and to drink with—a gang of leering satyrs whose every glance was an insult and whose every gesture was a scorpion lash o'er virtue's back. Her only artistry was expected to be a lure, her only dance an invitation to libidinosity and her only notes a siren's call for a liaison! The bars of her cage weren't even gilded, they were areek with the rawness of White Slavery and astench with its horrors. To such a nest of infamy led the sunshine trail to Southern Seas and to such a den of hissing adders had Ruth Baughman been decoyed.

But penniless in a strange land and defenseless in the cordon of circumstance Ruth Baughman determined to try to carry out the "contract" into which she had been beguiled.

For two nights Ruth Baughman, and her companion Ann Mason, appeared at the Lobby Cafe in Cristobal and escaped the lascivious embraceries of its frequenters. On the third night a saddle-colored human gorilla demanded that Miss Baughman drink with him. He attempted to enfold her in his libidinous embrace and she smacked his leering lips—not with her lips but a pepful punch! The brute leaped at her with a torrent of patois profanity but the prairie lass stood her ground. Just at this instant a gallant "gob" clad in your Uncle Sam's naval uniform flashed into the picture and delivered a fistic anesthetic to the saffron-hued brute!

That incident chiseled off the chains of White Slavery from Miss Baughman and four of her companions. On the next day, at Uncle Sam's expense, they debarked from the hutch hole of Hades and were landed in New York.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Thereupon your Uncle Sam and the Actors Equity Association issue notes of warning to young girls befooled by South American "contracts"—most of which are but lures to lives of courtesanship. They are just four years and seven months rearward of JIM JAM JEMS. In August, 1917, we rang our alarm clock of warning against this damnable peonage of American girls under the mask of "artists' contracts." At that time we said: "But there is a way whereby young women can be saved from the fate of white slavery "Somewhere in South America" and it should be put into practice. Before any passports are issued or any sailings allowed by young women destined for South American ports under contracts as artists, singer or performers, Uncle Sam should take a hand—and a vigorous hand. Their contracts should be examined, the character and responsibility of their employers should be looked into, bond for their return should be required, and in short the whole proposition should be legally and efficiently supervised. Too many young women have disappeared down the insatiable maw of South American lust. "Somewhere in South America" has been the indefinite termination of too many hopeful embarkations. The way to stop this damnable inter-continental traffic is to stop it right at its source—at the departure point. And absolute embargo should be enacted against it, unless surrounded by complete safeguards for proper treatment and for safe return."

It is at New York that this damnable traffic originates. There is the core and center—where the wobbly Vice Society

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and its secretarial Joke John S. Sumner preen themselves—of recruiting stations for South American infamies.

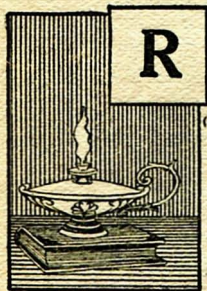
Down the bottomless maw of debauched South American hutch holes of infamy have disappeared hundreds of American girls lured there by smooth gangs of so-called "theatrical agents" and of harridan viragos disguised as "chaperones"—mere envoys to dens of White Slavery! Where one lass, like Ruth Baughman of North Dakota, escapes, hundreds sink to dishonor and death with the Scarlet Letter blazoned on their bosoms!

"Somewhere in South America" is the sole epitaph of hundreds of American girls engulfed in the maelstrom of debaucheries from which Ruth Baughman grittily emerged.

Now—as in August, 1917—we again sound the tocsin of warning. Girls, beware of South American "contracts." Don't entomb your virtue and your lives "Somewhere in South America." If you see it in JIM JAM JEMS it's so.



WASHINGTON'S SIBERIA



READJUST your geography. There are two Siberias. One is where you think it is, a part of Russia. The other "Siberia" is a hell hole within a hell hole—in the inside of the State Penitentiary at Walla Walla, Washington. In the Russian Siberia convicts were ruthlessly murdered by the thousands. In the Walla Walla "Siberia" they are slaughtered by units. And in both places the ichor-veined and strutting murderers go free of punishment!

Our regular readers have watched our volleys open up and tear holes in the two Washington Insane Infernos, one at Steilacoom and the other at Sedro-Woolley. In these Insane Infernos murder as a fine art—and free from any penalties—has been tenderly nurtured by parasitic officialdom.

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The murders were committed and then "committeed" into oblivion.

The Washington state administration, headed by the gelatine-spined Governor Hart, cultivates another murder school at the Walla Walla State Penitentiary. We took a look at it and we are going to pull the white gloves from the blood-stained hands of its administrators.

Right here a foreword is necessary. Don't amble away with the mistaken notion that JIM JAM JEMS is afflicted with any puling sentimentality anent convicts. The vast majority of prisoners are caged because they deserve it. But they are human beings placed where they are placed for punishment and reformation—not for torture and not for wanton slaughter. There are such things as Crimes Against Criminals and the Walla Walla hell hole has been areek with it.

Here are the facts anent this Walla Walla murder nursery:

In September 1918 "Tiger" Johnson while immured in "Siberia" and while absolutely helpless to commit any injury was cold-bloodedly shot to his death by a guard. There was no investigation, "whitewashed" or otherwise. His blood-soaked body was dumped—like a dog's—into a hole in the ground and official murderdom took heart. If you can "get away" with wanton murder against unarmed helplessness you are in murderers' Paradise, aren't you?

Then ensued a "strike" and a "riot" claimed by the prisoners to have been forced upon them by putrid food and un-

bearable barbarities and atrocities habitually perpetrated upon them by brutal guards. Three convicts were selected for punishment. They had read of the horrors of the Hereafter as described in Holy Writ but they had seen with their own eyes Walla Walla atrociousness. After carefully comparing both—Walla Walla barbarities and the Biblical description of Hades' horrors—they preferred the Hereafter! Each one of the three hanged himself rather than to longer endure Walla Walla tortures! Walla Walla thuggery again "got by" uninvestigated. Brethren, we leave it to you. When atrocities and tortures reach a point where three men deliberately choose death rather than to endure them, mustn't they be practically beyond endurance?

Then came on the scene George F. Thornton—heralded as a "sure shot"—as one of the Walla Walla band of organized thuggery. John Van Dell was cold-bloodedly shot in "Siberia" by Thornton on June 23, 1921. It was common talk that Thornton had been imported as a guard in Walla Walla to "get" Van Dell. Be that as it may Thornton "got" Van Dell to his death while he was helpless in a prison within a prison, that is while in the "Siberian" well hole and hell hole! County Attorney Benson promised "to take up the matter in a few days" but reneged and didn't! There is a strange reluctance in the state of Washington on the part of prosecuting attorneys to prosecute institutional murders. The same thing was noticeable in the Steilacoom and Sedro-Woolley murders. It looks as if institutional murders in the state of Washington were on the free list. Be all that

as it may red-handed murderer Thornton "got away" scatheless. The "buck" was officially "passed" and Thornton took heart for his next wanton murder.

Thornton's next murder was committed on September 16th, 1921, upon Guy Monroe—as helpless in his hands as a babe in arms. Monroe—doubtless for good cause—was "stood up" in "Siberia." For over eight hours he had stood erect in a corner. He wasn't allowed to shift his position, to sit down nor to lie down and he was tortured by thirst. Finally he begged so piteously for some water that guard Henderson brought a pan of water. Suffering from the pangs of thirst and absolutely helpless under the gun of Thornton who was standing on the wall overlooking "Siberia," Monroe started toward the water sobbing and gurgling in his throat! He hadn't moved three feet from his corner when Thornton from his station on the wall shot him to death. The bullet struck Monroe in the left leg, severed an artery, came out near the groin and carried away two fingers showing that his hand was down at his side. He very speedily bled to death, wantonly shot down like a dog because—after standing in one position for eight hours—he took two steps toward a pan of water. Monroe was a negro and a convict but he was a human being tortured beyond human endurance and then was wantonly murdered by an armed thug! If this wasn't as black a crime against a criminal as ever any criminal committed what was it? Stand a man up in a corner in one position for eight hours, torture him with thirst pangs and then when he takes two

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steps toward water brought him shoot him down! If that wasn't a cold-blooded, wanton murder perpetrated by an arrant thug vocabularies need re-adjusting.

The Walla Walla Bulletin, J. G. Kelly publisher and Joseph Ruffner Jr., managing editor, didn't absorb any institutional "Bull." It volleyed into the whole murderous mess. It demanded Thornton's prosecution for murder and kept putting sharp-pointed tacks in the official chair of prosecuting attorney Earl Benson.

A Coroner's Jury found that "Guy Monroe came to his death by reason of a gunshot wound at the hands of George Thornton Friday, September 16, 1921.

"That the circumstances were not such as to justify the reasonable belief in the mind of said George Thornton that it was necessary to shoot at said deceased in order to protect George Henderson from an assault."

Prosecuting attorney Benson finally held Thornton under a petty \$1,000 bond for manslaughter—when he had committed murder if one ever was committed. The form of a trial was gone through with and Thornton was of course acquitted. He is now reported in Canada—whence he was first imported. Thus three cold-blooded murders in the Walla Walla Hell remain unavenged.

Now watch the whole Washington state institutional horrors in the two Insane Infernos at Steilacoom and Sedro-Woolley and at the Walla Walla Hell, link themselves together from the Capital at Olympia. Mr. Ruffner visited the state institution at Medical Lake and wrote favorably

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of it. This so entranced Governor Hart and his man Friday, T. E. Skaggs, that Governor Hart wrote to Ruffner asking him to inspect all other state institutions and write about them. Evidently Governor Hart thought he had found an ambulatory whitewasher in Mr. Ruffner.

Just as Mr. Ruffner was preparing to start on his tour the Monroe murder in the Walla Walla Penitentiary "broke" and Mr. Ruffner in his paper branded it for what it was—a wanton, cold-blooded murder committed by an armed bully against a helpless man. As soon as that occurred—as soon as Governor Hart and his tool Skaggs discovered that editor Ruffner had the truth-telling habit—Skaggs called up editor Ruffner from Olympia and called off the trip!

Thereupon Governor Hart appointed his Whitewash Committee—whose clumsy futile kalsomining job we lambasted in our March 1921 issue!

We say it's all of a piece. We say that it has been settled—so far as Governor Hart and his maladministration minions in the state of Washington can settle it—that murders in Washington state public institutions are on the free list. In the state of Washington when human beings are caged in state institutions—whether in Insane Asylums or in the Penitentiary attendants or guards are licensed to slaughter them and no punishment results! Get to be an Insane Asylum attendant or a Penitentiary guard in the state of Washington and you can be as remorseless a thug as ever practiced murderous thuggery and go free! Get your license as

a murderer from the Washington state maladministration and you can practice its fine art to heart's content!

Statutes of limitation never run against murder and there have been enough cold-blooded wanton murders "pulled off" in the State Insane Asylums at Steilacoom and at Sedro-Woolley and in the Walla Walla Penitentiary—every one of them unavenged—to forever damn Governor Hart's maladministration of that misgoverned state. Why should state institutions in Washington be merely whitewashed preserves for wanton murders? Are the laws of God and man alike suspended within these hell holes? Is human life in the state of Washington lower than the brute creation merely because caged by the state? In the Chicago Stock Yards they can even the squeal of butchered animals and in the state of Washington human slaughter pens they "can" dying groans and agonies which would pierce even the hearts of savagery! In these three hell pits human beings—helpless wards of the state of Washington—have been habitually maltreated, garbage-fed, abused and infamously tortured and then on top of that wantonly murdered! And all the whitewash coats that Governor Hart's sycophantic minions can ply from now till the crack of doom can't cover these bloody stains!

Are Governor Hart and his man Friday Skaggs and all the coterie of maladministration torturers and murderers in the state of Washington in these institutional pits of infamy servants of Washington citizens and taxpayers or their masters? Is the state of Washington a free govern-

ment of law and order or a mere satrapy and depotism ruled by as black a ring as ever throttled law? Has the whole press of the state of Washington been so chained to Governor Hart's steam roller that it is going to amble along this bloody pathway in abject silence? Isn't there such a thing in the state of Washington as an "official recall" for the cure of just such infamies? Are the insane and criminals in the state of Washington "fair game" for coteries of wanton thugs of licensed murderers?

Not only has the state of Washington been legally looted by systematic extravagance but on top of that—in these three institutional hell pits—human life has lost its sanctity and wanton murder struts unafraid. When taxpayers are looted and when human lives are wantonly sacrificed on the bloody altars of officialdom isn't it about time to chlorinate the whole mess by a storm of ballots? What's the "recall" in the state of Washington for if it isn't to scourge out of office such a maladministration? That's what we want to know!



CADGING POOR RELATIONS



WE REFER to Great Britain and France. No we are not anti-British but we are pro-American. We are "fed up" to nausea by a mess of British "Bull" propaganda put out by H. G. Wells, a British writer, and syndicated by American dailies, silyly slipping over what is really repudiational twaddle. Here and now we are going to hand it a short-armed jab. Mr. Wells has been handing you some piffling boobery—preparatory to "welching." We are going to hand you the facts.

Here is the smug preamble to his cadgery. It's smooth, it's unctuous, it's Pecksniffian, and it's also chock full of Ananiasism—as we will show you. Here's the needle point of the propaganda injection of cadgery. We now quote from Mr. Wells. "I find a very general agreement that the bulk

of these *war debts and war preparation debts* as between Russia and France, and between the European allies and Great Britain, and *between Britain and America*, and the bulk of the indemnity and reparation debt of Germany to the allies cannot be paid and ought not to be paid and that the sooner that this *legend of indebtedness* is swept out of men's imaginations the sooner we shall get on to the work of world reconstruction." "Bull," boobery, and balderdash!

Five billions of dollars, five thousand millions of dollars, is approximately the amount now due from Great Britain to the United States in tax-wrung and bond-sold real money put up by the toiling producers of this land. If that is any "legend of indebtedness" we are just a ghost and Mr. Wells is but a wraith. That five billion dollars is about the realest thing of which we wot. Nothing could be more real—unless it's Mr. Wells' illimitable gall. He finds "a general agreement" that this debt "cannot be paid and ought not to be paid." Where does he find it? Not in this U. S. A. we'll tell him. Great Britain may be unanimous on this repudiational boobery—but not the U. S. A.! Not so you can notice it—outside of the magic circles of British propaganda! Five billion dollars would pay all the expenses of the U. S. A. for a year and leave a handsome margin! Five billion dollars would pay almost one-fourth of our national debt! And when you find any "general agreement" in this land that that debt "cannot be paid and ought not to be paid" you'll be spying flocks of white blackbirds! We tell Mr. Wells that that is as rank a slug of Ananiasism as cadging brain cells ever con-

ceived. It's what Theodore Roosevelt once said should be designated by "one short and ugly word of three letters." You can supply that word as well as if we wrote it. "Legend of indebtedness" is just verbal camouflage for unsportsmanlike "welching."

Here's the needle of the propaganda injection of cadgery slipped into you up to its haft by the astute Mr. Wells—tooting Great Britain's tuba on its brassiest key:

"The British authorities—it is an open secret—have been offering to begin the liquidation of their debt now. They cannot pay in gold because most of the gold in the world is already sleeping uselessly in American vaults; but they offer what gold they have, and in addition they are willing to get their factories to work and supply manufactured goods to the American creditor—clothes, boots, automobiles, ships, agricultural and other machinery, crockery and so on and so on."

We will hand out a short-arm jab on the various Ananiasisms in the above and then we will wallop the whole mess. Mr. Wells says "most of the gold in the world is already sleeping uselessly in American vaults." That's a double barreled Ananias piece of boobery. "Most of the gold in the world" is not in the U. S. A.—only about 45 per cent of it. Where is the rest of it if not under British or allied control? German gold has been bombed down from a reserve of 55.8 per cent in 1913 to a reserve of but 1.3 per cent at this writing. Who got it if not Great Britain or allied control? Mr. Wells says our gold is "sleeping uselessly in American vaults." It is not. It is the basis of American paper money working

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constantly in American industry and every dollar of that money "knows that its Redeemer liveth" too—the only really good paper money on this planet!

Let's get right down to business now on this British "legend of indebtedness" of approximately five billions and of its ability to pay. We are going to hand you facts. Mr. Wells has been handing you bunk in his propaganda injections. It isn't any "legend of indebtedness" it's a ledger indebtedness engrossed by real money.

The British Empire "on which the sun never sets"—possibly because Jehovah fears to leave it in the dark—comprises 13,123,712 square miles. The United States comprises but 3,028,788 square miles—a different of 10,094,924 square miles in Great Britain's favor, better than a four to one shot. Great Britain emerged from the Versailles loot-fest with an added area three-fourths the size of the United States. The United States emerged with an added area of zero. Don't overlook that factor of grabdom. The British Empire has a population of 442,000,000. The United States has a population of 105,000,000—a difference of 338,000,000 in favor of Great Britain, better than a four to one shot. In 1917 the wealth of the United States was officially estimated at \$220,000,000,000 or practically \$2,100 per capita. Estimating the wealth of Great Britain on the same basis—doubtless a fair one considering its age-old accumulations—you get Great Britain's wealth at \$930,000,000,000, a difference of \$710,000,000,000 in Great Britain's favor, better than a four to one shot.

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Now mass these facts. Great Britain has 10,094,924 more square miles of area, 338,000,000 more people and \$710,000,000,000 more wealth than the United States and cadges and chitters and chatters about paying an honest debt of but \$5,000,000,000—but little more than eleven dollars per inhabitant! Figure it yourself, figures don't lie and these figures are worth more to you than all the propaganda cadgery and boobery Mr. Wells can pour upon you—through his American mouthpieces!

But aside from ability, aside from integrity and aside from high grade commercial honor—anent which Great Britain always blows its bazoo—there is another angle from which to view this debt. Here it is. Brethren, as God lives, there is a difference in dollars. Some are purely commercial, others are impressed with a sacred trust. As surely as there is honor in this world there are debts of honor and such is Great Britain's debt to this land. If you owe an ordinary commercial debt of a thousand dollars that is one thing, but if with a bandit's knife at your throat your friend, at your frantic implorations, pays a thousand dollars to ransom you from that bandit we say you owe him a debt of honor, and we say that you are a cadger, a welcher and a poltroon if you don't pay it! And we say such is Great Britain's debt to this land—sacred if any debt can be sacred and a debt of honor if there be honor in this world!

Hark back your memory to the spring of 1917. Think of Great Britain backing from trench to trench, from outpost to outpost until British feet ever backing were almost awash

in the British Channel! Think of the British-Macedonian cry of "Aid us or we perish!" Think of Arthur Balfour here with his hat in his hand, with his mellifluous implorations, with his honeyed promises and with his sonorous altruisms! Think of how "hands across the seas" and "blood thicker than water" and "the mother tongue" melodies were strummed by skilful hands across your heart chords! Think of how many times and in how many ways you were told that European civilization—and especially the British Isles—would topple into the bloody pit of chaos without your men and treasure!

Think of your magnificent response in men and treasure—the most boundless ever witnessed on earth. Think of the then gratitude of the rescued. Think of how your blood was spilt and your treasure poured out not to repel invaders on your soil but to save civilization on foreign soil! Think of the victories won when—by the aid of your men and your treasure—banditry was blotted from earth. Think of the paeans of praise which sounded in your ears, of the baubles pinned on the breasts of your soldiers and of the chorus of thankfulness which beat upon you!

Think on all these things. Then think of Great Britain's Empire—in area four to your one, in population four to your one, in wealth four to your one—and of the "cancellation" of a so-called "legend of indebtedness" which you wrote on your country's ledger in symbols of gold and in pens adrip with your best blood!

When the American Expeditionary Force (after England

failed) was marching down London streets it was greeted with cries of "U. S. A.—U Silly Asses!"—Mebbe we were at that.

Were we a citizen of the British Empire we'd toil like a slave, live like a miser and die at our toil to help pay that sacred debt ere we'd lisp one syllable about a "legend of indebtedness" to this land or any of the like boobery of "welchery!"

And that's what we think of Mr. H. G. Wells' British propaganda—bestrewing the American Press—anent Great Britain's "legend of indebtedness" to the U. S. A.! No, we are not anti-British but we are pro-American. Aren't you?

We had just finished writing the above when dispatches inform us that Loucheur, France's most eminent financier and former treasurer, announces that France never can, and never will, pay one sou of the three billions of dollars due—and long overdue—this land.

France, the victor, can't pay a debt of three billions but is certain that Germany the conquered can pay her a debt of thirty-three billions—over ten times as much! Run this over on your mental reel. France on her knees with up-raised hands and streaming eyes beseeching America to save her from annihilation and prating of "America's debt to France"—America's most generous response in men and treasure—forced loans of three billions without which France couldn't "carry on"—France's charge to America for the very trenches in which Americans laid down their lives for France—France's charge to America for the very

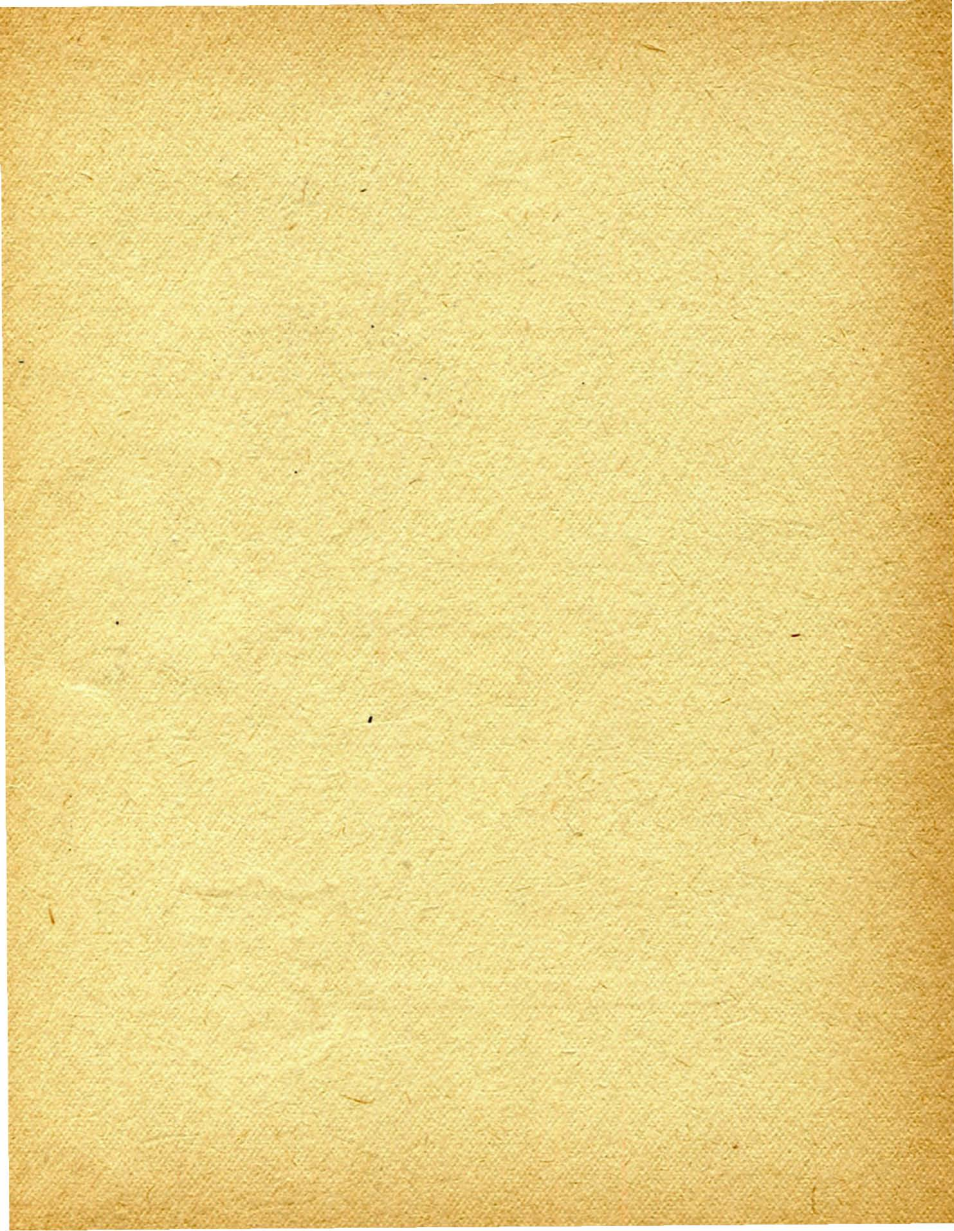
graves where our slaughtered sons were buried—France's pillage of America in the Hotel Crillon scandals at the Peace Conference—France's purchase for a song, and not yet paid, of America's surplus war supplies, and then as a "close up" as rank repudiation as has ever blackened human annals!

Overseas we sowed the most magnificent seeds of generosity, valor and charity ever planted on this earth and then we harvest as a crop the blackest monster of venomous ingratitude which ever stalked this planet!

If ingratitude is—as it is—the basest of crimes these cadging poor relations overseas, debtors to us for their very existence, are the most debased international Judas Iscariots who have ever defaced human history.

But even Judas Iscariot had the grace to hang himself!







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